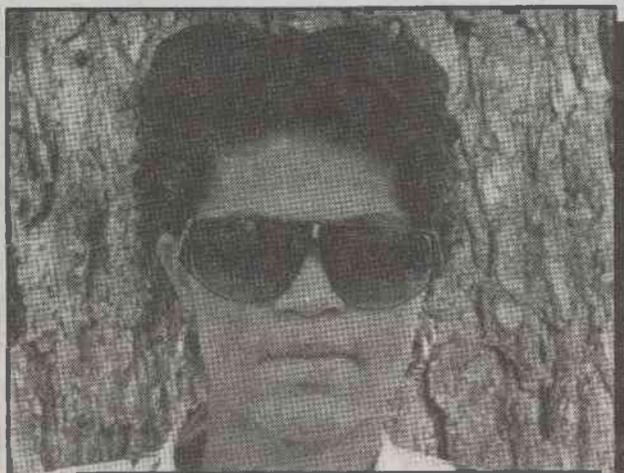


Photos by James Sims

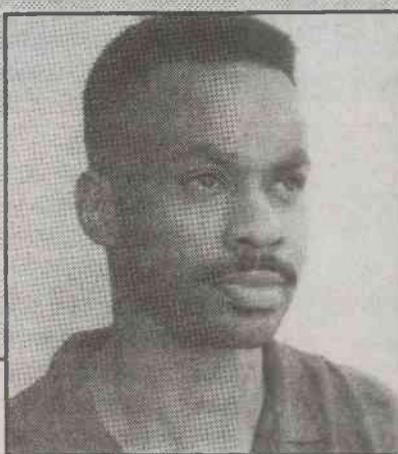
Talk of ECSU:

Do you feel that Mike Tyson is really guilty of rape?



Leslie Jones, Senior
Enfield, NC

"In my opinion, Mike Tyson was innocent. I feel Ms. Washington was just upset because she didn't get anything out of the deal. Meaning, she probably thought Mike Tyson would give her something if she slept with him. When she found out he was just out for a good time, she felt like she was betrayed so she screamed rape."



Derwin Overton, Senior
Neptune NJ

"No, Mike Tyson is not guilty of rape. The reason why I feel like this is that he has enough money to buy any woman he wants—why would he have to take sex from women?"

Mary E. Burcaw
Elizabeth City, NC

"I feel that Mr. Tyson was rightly convicted of the charges against him; although I do not believe that he was the only guilty party. In my opinion, Ms. Washington should not be regarded as a helpless victim. However, Mr. Tyson deserves to be punished for his part of the matter."



Lisa Burnett, Senior
New York, NY

"No, I think Mike Tyson was not guilty of the rape charges, because the girl knew exactly what she was getting into beforehand. Even though she said no, I feel that she didn't mean it because no matter what, she could have fought back instead of giving in. Also, if she didn't want anything to happen between them, she shouldn't have gone to his room at three in the morning."



GUEST COLUMN

Student 'gambled with life and lost'

(ECSU student's name withheld)

I will soon die.

It's hard to say, even harder to write. It's a realization I had not anticipated but must now accept.

You see, I have been diagnosed HIV positive.

Like most of you I thought it could never happen to me. But it has.

I know the statistics: people diagnosed with the HIV virus only live between seven and ten years. My life is no longer infinite. Few cases of people living in that ten plus range have even been documented.

I haven't lost hope. Maybe God willing, someone will come up with a cure. I've found it quite sad and lonely to be left without hope, but it is for this reason that I've decided to write this column to you, my fellow ECSU students.

Right now I am sitting in class, and I look and feel fine. There are approximately 35 others just in this class. I look around, and I wonder how many others of my classmates share my secret, my horror.

In my heart I pray I'm the only one, but I don't really know this, since every 13

seconds someone is being exposed to a disease that only leaves behind corpses. AIDS has no conscience, and it leaves no survivors. No one to date can say, "I'm a survivor. I beat AIDS."

I am trying to adjust, but little things that once would have had no significance now affect me. Like would the person sitting next to me have taken that piece of gum? Would they have given me that pencil or would I be alienated, stared at and talked about?

I would like to believe that through education most of us know that AIDS can't be contracted by being human or decent.

I cry alone.

When things are going great and I feel on top of the world, sadness soars in and reminds me that life holds for me only pain, disease, and eventually, death. I see myself in bed with tubes in my nose, my arms, nurses coming in sliding on their gloves and masks before they approach my bed.

But I still must hope. You see that's really all I have left.

No longer realistically do I hope for a family, the big house, 25 kids and two cars. Instead, I'm trying to decide if I

really want to spend the next two years trying to graduate. I mean, really—what's the point? Should I spend the remainder of my life doing things I've always dreamed of, like going to Greece, photographing a live volcano, viewing the birth of a dolphin?

You see at this point, life's small wonders are more appealing than college degrees. Short term goals are what I'm concentrating on. Completing this semester with good grades and one more friend than I had yesterday are my primary concerns.

If my unfortunate situation can make a difference in one of your lives, then I guess the end really will justify the means. Sex is great; it's something that should be treasured and long remembered. But unsafe sex can be fatal. The moment is not that important. Trust me. Yes, for a couple of days after that casual sexual encounter, you see no signs of a venereal disease, so you think, I'm OK. This is a common misconception. Take it from me. I gambled with life and I lost.

As young adults, we have a long way to go toward understanding and controlling this disease, but we can definitely start with protecting ourselves. What if

I'm the person that you slept with last month, or even yesterday?

You must take the time to protect yourself, because you never know who is infected.

Since ECSU's own infirmary only distributes condoms on Fridays between five and six, availability of life saving devices aren't always there, but maybe our new SGA president and staff can address this vital issue.

My fellow Vikings, people often lose the importance of messages given by dying individuals; however, please take to heart what I am saying: Unsafe sex is deadly.

The vision of growing old is something I don't spend my time thinking about anymore. Day to day living and short term goals are my only future. I've always liked feeling a part of groups and crowds; isolation and loneliness have never been my fortes. However, my path has been charted, and I must travel this road alone. It is my sincere and heartfelt wish that none of you will have to share this road with me.

My future as a student here at ECSU is uncertain, but yours doesn't have to be. Please be careful.